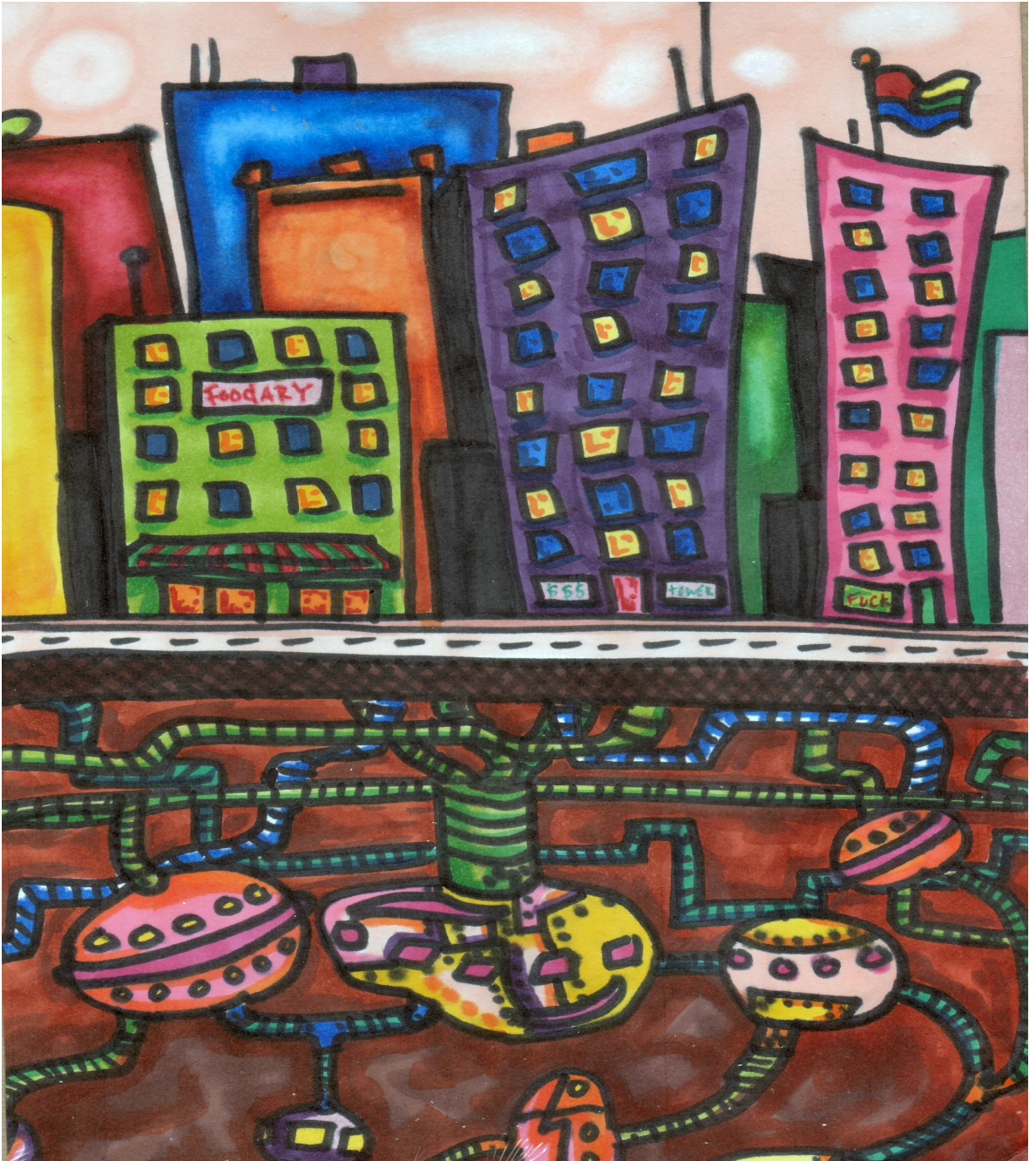


It Takes All Kinds



Cover art by Stef Davis

Want to join The International Cartoonist Conspiracy?

Membership is open to all cartoonists regardless of gender, race, age, religious beliefs, sexual orientation, attractiveness, wit, or talent. Only the desire to produce comics is necessary.

The Conspiracy is no mere group of passive computer spuds, however. In addition to our online interaction, we often meet in the flesh with our local cells to conspire, cartoon and collaborate.

To become a participating member, show up at some of our regular meetings and draw with us, or start your own conspiracy cell. For more information about joining our group or starting your own cell, please see <http://www.cartoonistconspiracy.com/>.



Meetings of the **Rice**,
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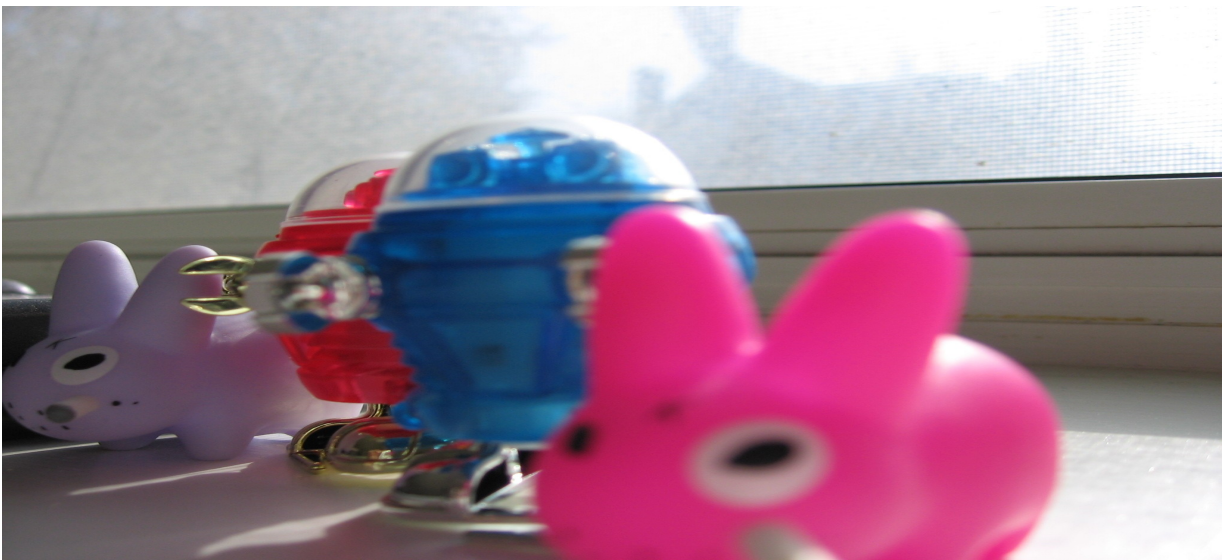
zines

comics

books

arts & crafts classes

[Robots and Bunnies Photo credit: Leslie Powell](#)



The Sacred Book of Coffee.

By Loki Kaspari

Those of us who live and die by the coffee recognize this book for what it really is; a collection of funny stories which may seem vaguely blasphemous to those with no sense of humor whatsoever. We encourage such people not to read any further.

Many of the manuscripts in the Sacred Book of Coffee have been rescued from garbage bins or restored from fragments, while others have been deliberately suppressed and are only now coming to light. While each Coffee Cult assigns different meanings and levels of importance to each, all are agreed that the spirit of Coffee is in each of them, if you will but look for it.

[Editor's note: Book 1 appeared in Vol.1 Issue 1. of ITAK.]

The Second Book of Awakening.

Being the tale of the Lord God bringing Coffee unto mankind. This manuscript was written by the Mighty Fred, who claimed that Coffee Creatures from Beyond send these words into his mind telepathically, using an old stainless steel coffee urn as a long range antenna. Alas, Fred was committed to a psychiatric ward for insomniacs, and the manuscript remains unfinished. (Research theologians studying the Coffee Cults are still in debate as to whether this book is merely apocryphal or completely absurd.)

It came to pass that the Lord Joe did look down upon the world of men, despite the very important work that He really should have been getting on with, and saw the masses of mankind laziness and atrophy. For man knew not of mornings, nor of hard work at an early hour, and the Lord Joe knew that man would never raise himself above the beasts of the field without help.

Resolving so, the Lord did take a pound of Coffee from His own personal stash, and took it down to the world of men. Before many did he appear, instructing in the proper roasting of the beans, and the grinding thereof also. And those the Lord came among gave thanks and praise, for the Coffee that the Lord gave unto them was of great virtue and potency, so that but a sip was like unto an awakening of awesome power.

And so mankind did learn of Coffee, and yea some did stay up late at night, and some did awaken early in the morning, but each did give much thanks and praise unto the Lord with cries of "Ahhh, Hot!" and "We're out of cream again?"

And with the help of this Sacred Coffee, Man did rise up above the savage and closer to the divine, and lo did turn envious eyes heavenwards upon the Coffee of Heaven, believing the Lord Joe in possession of beans of greater potency and virtue then the ones he had bestowed upon mankind. They complained of the grinding and roasting, for they had become greedy and slothful in their Coffee drinking.

And the Lord Joe did wax wrathful upon seeing this, and spake in a voice of thunder, "Thou honor not thy Coffee like that, you know?" But the people of the earth, jittery from too much caffeine, continued their lamentation, and heeded not the warning of the Lord. Not surprisingly, this pissed the Lord off something fierce.

The Lord Joe did consult with his Ironic Punishment department, and lo, it was decided that He would flood the world with Coffee from above, and so wipe out everything. For the wickedness of Mankind, and their abuse of the Sacred Coffee did really get to him, but Joe is a forward thinking deity, and did foresee that if he whipped out all life on earth with Heavenly Coffee from above, there would be none left to worship him, and leave a pot on the stove in his honor.

Now it happened that at this time there lived in the land a simple Coffee farmer named Noway, who was pure of heart and vexed by the wickedness and sloth in the land. And the Lord did look down upon him enjoying a cuppa, and giving praise with each sip as was right and proper, and the Lord did decide that of all the men of the world, Noway would be spared.

Noway did look up from his Coffee as the clouds parted and light did shine down upon him from above, and lo, being a farmer he did wonder at the sudden change in weather, and wondered if he should tarp the coffee bushes against hailstones. When lo, the Lord's voice did descend from on high, and spake thusly to Noway.

"Good Coffee Is It?" and Noway was sore afraid, but the Lord said unto him, "Fear not, for behold I bring you a warning. I shall make it rain Coffee for forty days and forty nights, and all living things shall be drowned or die of sleep deprivation. I command thee to build an Ark.

Whereupon, trembling even on his knees, Noway said, "Ok fine Lord, I can do that. Um..., what's an Ark?"

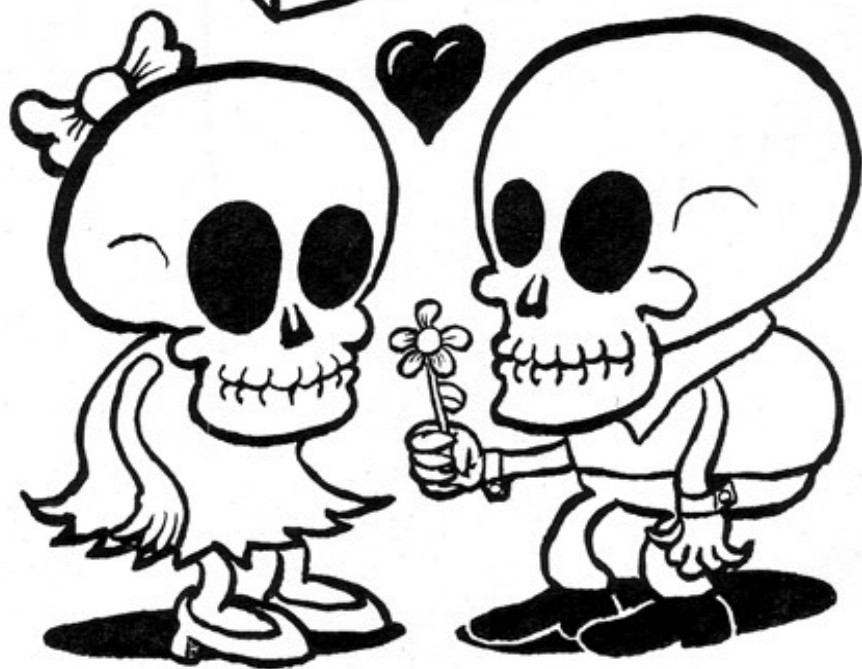
"It's a boat, Noway." Said the Lord in a weary voice of one who wonders if this is really the best mankind has to offer. "On it you shall take your family and children, and two of every kind of Coffee plant, that they may be spared my wrath."

(Here the manuscript breaks off, and what follows is largely illegible, appearing to be in a different hand.)

Hot Coffee from the sky did fall, and the earth did tremble and get all jittery, and there were many cries of Oh Bugger, we art in trouble now!

24 PAGES DRAWN
IN 24 HOURS

SKULL LOVER



STWALLEY

You keep-a knocking but you can't come in: Door-to-door ministry at its best (or worst)

By Misty O'Brien

Earlier, two young ladies came to the door. I noticed right away that they were there to talk about a Deity, so after they asked how I was, I said, "Good. Not interested." and closed the door. Now that I think about it, was it rude of me not to listen to their spiel? Should I put some form of a "No Soliciting" sign on the door, even though there is one on the wall across from the mailboxes? At the time of their arrival, I was trying to order pizza. Standing there and talking to them would have delayed the pizza order and would have resulted in a Hungry Husband. Which would turn into a Crabby Husband. And, I do like him so much better when he's not crabby.

The situation reminds me of this guy who came to my door right before the last Presidential election. He was there to ask me if I had given my heart to Jesus. After telling him that I've been baptized three times and still don't practice a religion, I finally told him to go talk to the retired minister downstairs and closed the door on him. I don't mind people sharing their faith. What I have a problem with is people feeling they must share their faith me to the point of practically shoving it down my throat. I don't walk around and preach that people shouldn't practice a religion at all.

Of course, going off on a tangent, I can relate the times I spent in the "Religion and Philosophy" chat room on Collegeclub.com in the late 90's. At that time of my life, I was living in Nebraska, going to a Christian college and starting to explore and discover alternative religions. I had, at that point, also attempted suicide twice in my life, and had a lot of fun with the "Bible Thumpers" who would come into the room preaching Fire and Brimstone to us "non-believers who would be going to Hell". I would sit in the chat room with other people who were on my side of the fence [that side being those of us who had attempted suicide and lived to tell about it] and make fun of the Thumpers, telling them that they were going to Hell for judging us and I always personally said that I was saving a front row seat for them Hell.

I've lost friends because I don't practice a religion anymore. Even for simply exploring other religions. Deity-forbid that I want to expand my horizons. I've had "friends" not understand why I didn't want to "witness" to new friends about my faith. My position is that people have to make up their own minds about what they want to believe about "God" and the universe. Believe in whatever you want as long as you're behaving like a decent human being with common sense.

As for the ministry people who come to my door...I'll continue to be nice and politely close my door in their faces. I simply don't have time for people whose purpose in life is to get me to change my spiritual faith.

~*~

autumn

By Steve Green

It was her smile that first attracted him to the girl on the street corner. Crystal radiance, a splinter of summers lost. So like his wife's, buried with her memory a lifetime ago.

It split the haze which hung over the city that first dawn. As daylight crept across the concrete void, the old man stepped into the emptiness and felt her smile welcome him.

She restored his life and became it, fragment of a future he had once denied, echo of a past he had thought as dead as his youth.

She was the one spectator at his downhill race through time, a unique constant as his life flowed towards its final solution. The Girl Who Never Aged smiled as the old man told her of his long-dead wife, of the daughter who walked out of their lives a decade before, of the son murdered in a terrorist bombing before they had truly known each other. She smiled as he revived lost memories, forgotten dreams, silenced desires. And in return he loved her with a passion he had never felt before.

Theirs was the infinite summer, yesterday reborn in tomorrow: ageless, timeless, endless.

And then one day the summer died. A chill wind sliced through the void and swept away all traces of the man's existence as swiftly as the autumn rain washed clean the path to his grave.

His escape from the concrete vacuum went as unheralded as his presence, and no one ever took the time to notice that the summer sun had faded the frozen smile of a girl on an advertisement hoarding.

Everything on this page is written by John O'Brien.

Consensus.

it really was all about you.
it really was all about you
a
little
tot
stringing
the
syllables
along
to
nowhere idea
lost in the taste of
bubblegum epiphany
and you close your eyes
and your enemies are everywhere
your enemies are everywhere.

Clean. Clean. Clean

I've done much cleaning in the
apartment today.
I attribute this more to the sorry
condition of Saturday broadcast television and
the end of the football season rather than
gumption on my part.
Now, to eat.

You've changed, dude.

It's been something I've thought
about for awhile, since I noticed it.
I'm not sure how I feel about it.
Ashamed? Disappointed?
I don't know.
I know I've become more impatient,
more frustrated with life since the Big Move in
2002.

But I also knew the change was
coming a lot sooner than that.

In a sense, I feel like whatever
changes happened are done, and, for now, are
complete.

I'm leaving the cocoon, testing
wings with new blood flowing ... not feeling
new, but terrified that flying is just a new set
of problems.

Naked.

I believe that, by nature, I was
meant to be a far different person than what I
turned out to be.

I love my wife. I love my friends. I
love my family. I cry at sappy things. I've had
my heart broken on two occasions by someone
of the opposite sex, the first being my fault,
the second ... well to this day I couldn't tell
exactly what happened. But I digress ...

I feel these things deeply and I

know that they are natural.

I know most of them are good.

But there is a side of me that's
petty and roiling and angry. That sometimes
feels cheated by life and the people I've
encountered. I have no explanation of this.

I give people the impression that
I'm some wet behind the ears bumpkin.
Sometimes I play that up too much. A friend
of ours uses the term "naif" as an endearment
for me. I understand the good humor behind it,
but somehow that has become a microcosm for
my view of how others view me.

I know I'm not a socially astute
person. I know there's a lot more to the world
than what I see or am involved in ... but
frankly it's because I have and never will give
a fuck about that. I deal with people on a gut
level, on instinct. If someone's going to go
through with being nice or decent to me, that's
that.

I don't know.

I know I have closed many doors
with choices I made. I regret some of them
too often. But then I remember that my eyes
more often than not were wide open. Then and
now.

It's a conspiracy

Had bad dreams about my dad being extremely
ill and dying last night. Called him this morning
and somehow the conversation turned to
conspiracy theories. Very relieving.

Untitled

Legs pumping legs pumping legs pumping
i chased
i chased what others had
i chased what others had
and tasted it
breaking the skin with my teeth
tasting it sweet
until there was no sweet left
there was no sweet left
my legs finally wobbled
down
down
down.

Microcosm.

At work today, I dropped and subsequently
broke several plates over my left foot.
My good foot.
Both of my feet throb now.
I have a matched set again.
Heh.

Stutter.

"Oh.

I understand."

You surrender again.

You shrug
hoping I'm not there
in the ball of the fist you make
a moment later.

Awake
and restless.
you pretend it's inspiration
a new poem
or story.

You know it's bloodshot
and a bully is standing over you
in the bus
your parents' voices
pushing you into dark

awash

awkward and clenched

you learned how to feed me ...

You numbed me
with pills
and bottles
and promises you wouldn't look ...

There's a reason you learned to play
guitar
at one point;
not for kicks
not for expression
not for joy

but for the growl
you kept behind jagged teeth.

Yes.

Teeth.

The ones you ice-skate your tongue on
sharp
the only reminders you keep
of me.

You feel the knot
in the belly.

Someday it's going to come undone.

Attention [store name] Shoppers: Experiences in Retail Cashiering

By Misty O'Brien

I work at a retail thrift store. Retail stores in general can be a pain to work at when you encounter the crabby population. However, most people accept the price structure at a “regular” retail outlet, even if they never pay full price.

This is not the practice at a thrift store, however.

If you've never been in a thrift store, let me lay out the concept for you. A thrift store is basically a glorified garage sale. A better organized garage sale, but a garage sale nonetheless. In a typical garage sale, you lay out your unwanted wares in a semi-organized fashion and let people invade your space and try to haggle you down in price. In a thrift store, the employees lay out other people's unwanted wares in a slightly better organized fashion (divided into departments) and let people invade their space and cite corporate policy when a customer tries to haggle the cashier down in price. And for the mere cashier, a serious thrift shopper is a serious threat to sanity.

I've cashiered a few places in my job history. And after I quit my last job, I needed a new one desperately after about three months. I was hired at the store I work at now in December, 2005. Two days later, I had my first of several major panic attacks. I'm a social phobic and have major anxiety. Having customers get snotty with me over a price I can't control does not help. [Over the next few weeks, the dosage of my medication was adjusted, and I learned some coping techniques (since I was used to putting in my earphones and ignoring people if I was getting anxious). I also had my hours reduced after more cashiers were hired because three days after I started, one of the other cashiers quit and I became one of three to cover over 75+ hours of open store time. As of this writing, I haven't had a panic attack for at least six weeks.]

Now, you'll notice at a regular retail store, the cashier scans the bar code that is on the original packaging. Not so at a thrift store. Thrift stores have to make up their own pricing and scanning system. Thus, only the “official” tag is the one to which we pay attention. I see items that still have garage sale price tags on them, and customers will come up and think that is the appropriate price. Not so. I have also found that customers will try to change the tags, or remove them to get a different price. They think they are smart, but the processors in the back room code merchandise to identify its price when the tag is removed.

We also have a color-coded system for the tags. Blue, green and yellow are non-commercial merchandise that come out on rotating weeks and correspond to the weekly sales. Red tags are commercial products the store buys from a retail store in the area. Red tagged merchandise never goes on sale, with the sole exception of the weekly children's clothing sale, where all children's clothing is on sale. On Senior day and daily for employees, red tagged merchandise is 25% off, as is everything else.

I don't mind the regular sale days, when items are half off or sell for \$1.29. I don't even mind children's-clothing-on-sale day, even though it is a pain to determine proper sizing sometimes. My least favorite day of the week is Senior day.

Senior day gives all of those elderly customers who are 55 and older a 25% discount on their items. In order to give out this discount, however, we need the customer's phone number, because that is how the system is set up. Never have I seen such crotchety people who don't want to give out their phone numbers, but still expect the discount. I'll ask for a phone number and I'll be given their zip code. I'll ask for a phone number and instead of the customer giving it to me, they will say “I'm a senior”. To which I try not to roll my eyes and ask again for their phone number. I must say that not every senior customer is this way. However, I'm sure you know that the few who act rude are the people you remember.

On the computer system, the customer can watch the running total. They'll watch me move the mouse to select the correct keys to apply the discount. I'll give them their total and they will **still** ask if that was with the discount. Because I can feel the contempt in my voice, I'll merely nod and try not to appear rude. Some customers will even use their discount, and then have the gall to ask for the discount for their much younger shopping companion. A couple people have refused to give out their phone numbers, to which we have to politely tell them that we can't give them the discount without a phone number in the system (and the thing is that we don't spam or give out/sell the numbers).

Oh, and don't you dare waste an older person's time and cashier too slowly. You had better have the appropriate number of back-up cashiers. And pay attention to how they want their crap, I mean merchandise, bagged or boxed.

There's this customer who comes in on a very regular basis. I think she moved several miles away, because she used to come in several times daily. It is not uncommon for her to spend at least \$300 per visit and leave with a heaping cart or three of stuff. We don't know what she does with it, but she claims she doesn't own a store or anything. It is also not uncommon for her to shop for over five hours at a time. I don't spend that much time there at one time unless I'm working. Hell, I don't spend that much time there shopping in a week. She once bought so much stuff that she had to come back later to pick some of it up. Yes, her van was that full.

She doesn't care, either, when she's still shopping at closing time, while the poor cashier who's ringing her purchases is trying to go as fast as she can to finish so the supervisor can pull the till.

I used to hate her, but I've decided that being nice and helpful gets her out of the store faster. It also gently directs her into making the rest of the cashiering area run smoothly while she has her three carts full of clothes, fake flowers, dishes and books. She's even had the audacity to ask me to change a price on an item that had a hole in it, full well knowing the policy (we can't change the price of an item once it's on the floor). She dropped it when I told her I could lose my job if I did change the price.

Maybe she does humanitarian work with the stuff she buys. Maybe this is her way of helping the less-fortunate, because the retail part funds the program services part that helps people who have problems holding down a job. Maybe she grew up with nothing and is overcompensating for that now. There's another customer who is a compulsive shopper and has a negative sales balance in her customer profile. I do not know. I just know that it has helped me re-examine my inherited pack rat trait, and come to the conclusion that I don't want to be defined by my stuff and to really think about if I need something before I buy.

Reason #6245 why I'm not sure that my husband is straight

by Tati Editor's Note: This is a true story. Names have been changed to protect the guilty.

Wally is an art model with absolutely amazing green eyes who kindly posed nude for a two-page spread in my comic book for dinner and free comics. George opened his mouth inappropriately as he usually does.

(George nonchalantly walks into the work area.)

Wally: That must be your husband.

George: (Staring at Wally's back with a bemused look.) You have a star on your ass. What did you do, win a prize for having a nice butt?

Wally: (Shocked.) What?

Tati: (Indignant.) That's a pentagram on his tail bone. [see photo at right.]

George: It's a star on his non-pimpley collegiate butt. He's a star-butt.

Wally: (Laughing, he huddles into a ball embarrassed.) Jesus Christ!

Tati: George! Do you want me never to have figure models in the house again?

George: No, no, no... I'm not being rude, I'm just saying that he has a star-butt. What's wrong with a star-butt?

Tati: (Furious) What's the big deal with having a star-butt! Jane has a pentacle on her tail bone.

George: (Perversely) I know! And she definitely earned a star for her butt.

Tati: (Embarrassed and Furious) George YOU ARE FUCKING JERK! Go wash dishes.

Wally: (Laughing his ass off.) Thank you. I happen to have a very fine star-butt.

George: (Proudly) Yes you do!

Wally: (Stops laughing and goes deadpan.) Want to ride a star?

George: (Blushes brightly and goes to wash dishes.) O-KAY!

Tati: Did I mention that Wally is a bisexual star-butt?

George: (Washing dishes and singing.) I'm not listening...

Wally: (Laughing) Your husband is cute.

Tati: (Annoyed) He's something alright.

Wally: Hey George, do you have a star-butt.

George: (Still washing dishes.) I'm NOT listening.

Wally: He does have a star-butt, doesn't he.

Tati: (Pissed and getting back to shooting.) He's a star BUTT alright.

George: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUGH!

Wally: (Wally is still laughing.) Man, this was definitely worth driving [here].

Tati: All males in the house... FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU HARD!

Wally: Is that an offer?

George: (Still washing dishes) NO!

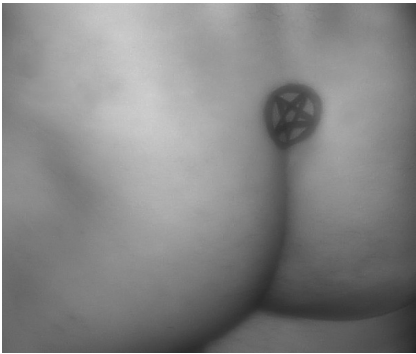
Wally: Awww...

The moral of the story: Never tease an art model. They will make you pay for your folly.

~ + ~

Why I'm Calling So Late By Adrian S. Potter

Midnight arrives with liquor on its breath
And trapped inside a buzz of lust.
This day has been recklessly driven towards
The brink of breakdown like my junky sedan.
So in a few hours I'll be snoring gently,
Like a child after hours of horseplay.
The moon above is reciting riddles
And the stars are speaking in tongues,
Telling me to search for a momentary cessation
Of loneliness, commanding me to stop being
So infinitely cruel, at least for the remainder of this night.
That's why I'm drunk dialing you right now;
Because neither of us deserves to sleep alone
When we could stay awake together,
Making love until the sun decides to rise
And the pain of being alone falls by the wayside.



dawn
by Steve Green

shards
of crystal clarity
splintered across the night
split sky
and dawn spilled itself
blood red
onto the city

alone among the concrete monoliths
I watched and understood

then
returned to the shadows
of the real world

~ + ~

When Exactly

By Adrian S. Potter

When exactly
did I become another failed child
of the American dream

when exactly,
amongst blown highs and
attempted disasters, did I begin
pondering the purpose of adult life

when exactly
did I realize all that energy
from my youth went nowhere?

Career goals demand accountability,
documentation of every action
chronologically, consistently, habitually,

but I recall not being governed
by schedules and deadlines,
a happier time. Sometimes a man

without a destination isn't lost,
but merely finding himself.
So I ask my dreams: please guide me.

DNA-Land

By Rick Silva

Glancing cellscape of molecular predisposition
Where unseen hands of salsa bands
Get their orders to edit peptide strands
Where the man who stands fulfilled his need
He did the deed, dispersed his seed
Sees the exonerated freed
Live evil, never heed the chemical calling
Nurses run, escape the falling
Bodily fluid cleanup mess
Witchfinder’s needle, help redress
The party trap, confess, confess
Tie it tight, the gallows noose
Can’t allow him running loose
Now we panic in a pew,
Wonder what would Jesus do
As DaVinci’s human genome tale
Stains the scene when we spill the gall

~*~

Untitled

By John O’Brien

"Did you want to try again?"

I was staring stupidly at the wall of the game booth, trying to figure out how not one of the darts I threw had found purchase into the cheap Metallica poster that I was trying for.

I shifted my attention to the girl running the booth.

"Uh, no. I need to get going anyway."

She was half bent over, resting her head on in one palm, lazy forearm rocking back and forth. Her almond eyes studied coolly.

"What do have going on that you wouldn’t want to stay here with me?" she purred, uncoiling an amused smile, her eyelids narrowing playfully, lashes fluttering.

A warm stunned rush went through my 14- year- old body as my mouth went dry. The carnival went to grey, went to black shifting to spotlight ... I looked at her through a haze, hormones taking a victory lap through my veins.

Somehow, I swam back up for more.

She was still smiling.

She was still brunette.

She was still olive skinned and petite, lipstick and fingernails blood- red ...

She was still waiting.

My cursed brain crawled it’s way back into my skull as carnival smells and sounds assaulted me. My eyes refocused on the dirty little booth with a twenty- something goddess looking at me.

Her right eyebrow arched ever so slightly ...

"Johnny! Where have you been?"

I snapped back to reality. My goddess stood up, her eyes twinkling with glee.

My mom’s hand grabbed my upper left arm a little too tightly, walking a little too fast, dragging me away.

I’m not sure, but I think mom threw a glare of pure hatred over her shoulder back at the booth as I writhed under her vice-like fingers.

"Come on. We’re going. Fourth of July’s over."

As I turned to keep my arm in it’s socket, I heard a silky voice call out, "Darts! Get your darts right here!" ...

I was very quiet on the car ride home, Tim’s and Jenny’s happy chatter about rides and friends they saw barely registering.

My mom was very quiet, too.

After Tim and Jenny settled down, dad turned to me and asked what I did with my five dollars.

"He tried to get himself on a goddamn milk carton," my mom growled without taking her eyes off the road.

While the actual incident at the booth did take place, my family’s behavior is fictional.

Self-help mapping

By Misty O'Brien

Around LiveJournal, there was this meme where you went to the Johari and Nohari websites and started your own grid, then posted the link to invite others to “tell” you what they thought of you. Following is my personal Johari and Nohari grids and my observations about the results, as well as descriptions as seen on the respective websites.

Johari

The Johari Window [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Johari_window] was invented by Joseph Luft and Harrington Ingham in the 1950s as a model for mapping personality awareness. By describing yourself from a fixed list of adjectives, then asking your friends and colleagues to describe you from the same list, a grid of overlap and difference can be built up. You can find the web version of this window at <http://kevan.org/johari>.

	Known to Self	Not Known to Self
Known to Others	Arena brave dependable introverted loving trustworthy	Blind Spot able accepting adaptable caring clever giving helpful intelligent modest organized reflective searching self-conscious sensible sentimental warm
Not Known to Others	Façade witty	Unknown bold calm cheerful complex confident dignified energetic extroverted friendly happy idealistic independent ingenious kind knowledgeable logical mature nervous observant patient powerful proud quiet relaxed religious responsive self-assertive shy silly spontaneous sympathetic tense wise

What I find interesting is that no one saw me as a witty person. But, people did see me as clever, which may or may not be the same thing. On good days, I see the traits listed in the Blind Spot in myself.

Nohari

The Nohari Window is a challenging inversion of the Johari Window, using antonyms of the original words. By describing your *failings* from a fixed list of adjectives, then asking your friends and colleagues to describe you from the same list, a grid of perceived and unrecognized weaknesses can be explored. You can view the web version at <http://kevan.org/nohari>.

	Known to Self	Not Known to Self
Known to Others	Arena Timid insecure withdrawn needy chaotic	Blind Spot irresponsible lethargic unhappy irrational impatient panicky passive
Not Known to Others	Façade cynical	incompetent intolerant inflexible cowardly violent aloof glum stupid simple vulgar hostile selfish unhelpful unimaginative inane brash cruel ignorant distant childish boastful blasé imperceptive weak embarrassed loud vacuous unethical insensitive self-satisfied smug rash dispassionate over-dramatic dull predictable callous inattentive unreliable cold foolish humorless

Here, I find it interesting that no one sees me as cynical. I agree with a lot of what is listed in the Blind Spot with the sole exception of “irresponsible”. Now, depending on the manner and what is being termed irresponsible, it can be seen as constructive criticism. I do have to admit, though, that when I first viewed the grid in its present state, I was hurt to see that someone thought I was irresponsible. And, not to toot my own horn, but I put a lot of things before myself when I’d rather chuck it all and say screw it. Perhaps that’s what was intended by the person choosing this trait. Perhaps I’m irresponsible when it comes to myself and my well-being. Maybe a lot of the traits in the Blind Spot of the Johari window contribute to this claim of “irresponsible”.



www.dandelionstudios.com

Coelacanth Spirit

By Rick Silva

And just what do you think you're looking at?
Bad enough to be hauled into the light of your world
Already minutes dead of a burst balloon swim bladder

You'll stare and wonder, crown me as Living Fossil,
King of the lost and forgotten, the non-extinct
And the rallying cry of every amateur monster hunter

I'll be skinned and pinned, every barbel and spine
catalogued

Then blessed with the immortality of alcohol
preservative

Cursed a forever slave to schoolchild curiosity

But we have always been here comfortable in our
dark places

It's you who are the new arrivals, and so far I'm
not too impressed

Perhaps another three million years for you to settle
things down,

Then maybe we'll come up and introduce ourselves.

connections

By Steve Green

long distance lovers,
heartache on a telephone line
(emotions fused but miles apart,
our bodies sense the gap)

hands outstretched but not touching,
nights alone in a bed built for two;
(legacy of geographic separation)
i need to be there, to be close to you

for ann

~ + ~

Untitled

By John O'Brien

Everything says heaven and earth scraped each
together

where you lay;

the salty taste of you confirming

it's true

and your lotion is dancing in my nostrils

My limbs chained

and the earth is still

and the wind is cold

taking it's time

as I learn anew

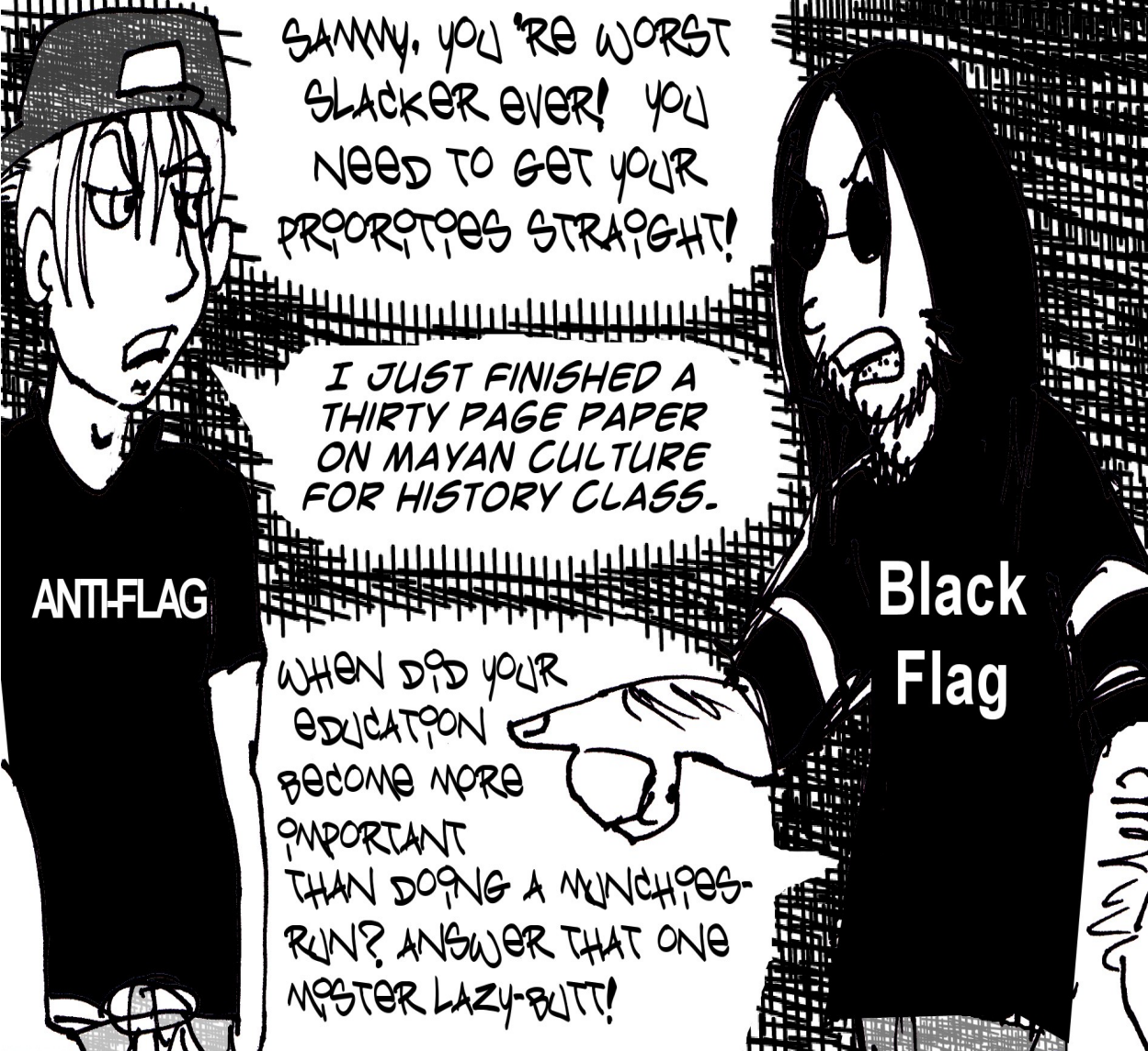
to put sentences together.



Hairy Valentine by Steven Stwalley

PRIORITIES

A SEXUAL RODENTIA COMIC BY VANESA LITTLE CROW W. ©2006



SAMMY, YOU'RE WORST
SLACKER EVER! YOU
NEED TO GET YOUR
PRIORITIES STRAIGHT!

I JUST FINISHED A
THIRTY PAGE PAPER
ON MAYAN CULTURE
FOR HISTORY CLASS.

ANTIFLAG

WHEN DID YOUR
EDUCATION
BECOME MORE
IMPORTANT
THAN DOING A MINCHOS-
RIN? ANSWER THAT ONE
MISTER LAZY-BUTT!

Black
Flag



What Love Is

By Adrian S. Potter

I find myself falling somewhere
on the wrong side of grace,
bouncing between women like they're bad habits,
kissing mistaken goddesses who wear over-applied
mascara,
and using every queen of clubs I encounter, and believe
me,
I'm not talking about playing card games.
Oh no, this is about frequenting nightspots and hip
venues
where I scavenge for booty like a lustful pirate,
where all the ladies dance like strippers, once they drink
enough,
and later on, I can almost always seduce one back to
my apartment

and I like the pace of this lifestyle
I want it to continue (what man doesn't)
but one evening I meet an incredibly fine woman
who fucks me really good really hard really long
until I am left teetering on the precipice of climax.
The slight space between her moans and mine
are just enough to register desire,
yet she betrays the rhythm of lust and screams
I love you
forcing me to stop mid-stroke and examine this
exclamation
that just hit me below the Bible belt,
her words upsetting me, like cheap whiskey on an
empty gut.
I correct her, my bass voice firm and adamant, saying
no
you do not love me
you don't even know me
this is sex, not love
no matter how good it feels
and saying this irrefutable truth out loud
is enough to trigger the recognition
of something I have never noticed before,
almost as if I have been too alive to care:
I know exactly what love is, and it is missing from my
life.

avatar

By Steve Green

engulfed in blue-grey glow,
he touches plastic,
touches wire,
touches the world

before the succubus screen,
he opens himself
and bleeds into an infinity
handbuilt from nothingness

it is as real
as he wishes it to be

so how real is he?

~ + ~

***There's gotta be something more/something more
than this***

By Misty O'Brien

It pays to quit your job and lose 3 1/2
months worth of income. But, only when filing
taxes. I don't recommend actually going through
the experience. That was over 7 months ago. I
drive past my former job twice a day at least
twice a week. I don't miss it at all. I listen to the
song *Something More* by Sugarland and smile
when I sing along.

*Five years and there's no doubt/That I'm burned
out I've had enough*

I used to work in the optical industry. For
over five years between two labs. I left the first
lab because of the lack of hours after 9/11, and
went to work second shift at a different lab. Over
the course of 3½ years things went from okay to
really bad. My boss was (and probably still is) a
self-absorbed jerk who doesn't have an ounce of
sympathy in his body. Based on his ill-given
advice, I started anti-depressants in the Fall of
2004. The side effects kicked my ass. Hard.
Which obviously affected my job performance. On
the day of my second bogus write-up, things
finally dawned on me that the environment there

was never going to change. In the middle of my boss' fabricated telling that my co-workers were mad at me (they weren't) I looked at him and told him not to bother cause I quit. Then I left and spent the next couple days freaking out.

So now boss man, here's my two weeks/I'll make this short and sweet, so listen up

Quitting that job was probably one of the best things I ever did in the big picture. In the microcosm of my depression, I kick myself quite a bit because of the financial burden I put on myself and my husband. Right now, I work at a job I don't like very much (but that's because it's retail), but I also work at my dream job. In a way, I'm in places that suit me, because one place's sole purpose is to fund programs that help people who have difficulty holding down a job, and the other place is owned by a woman who understands exactly what I'm living with mentally. If you work in an environment like this, you know what I'm talking about. A boss/co-worker who knows how you tick and helps keep you sane.

I could work my life away but why/I got things to do before I die

I'm starting to do those things, too. I paint and make art. I listen to great music and watch movies. I'm reading about subjects that interest me, but never had time before to really sit and learn about. I'm making new friends and learning to come out my shell more. I'm learning to not be so introverted. I'm learning to laugh at things more and not take things so seriously. I turn 30 as this zine is going to press. Everyone looks at those milestone birthdays (16, 18, 21, 25, 30, 40, 50+) with differing opinions. Especially depending on which milestone birthday is passing at the time. I've had birthday anxiety in some form every year since I turned 16 and freaked out, because I was going to start having more responsibility in my life than just being a student. I turned 18 being in

conflict with my parents, and being nervous about going to college. I spent the years between 18 and 21 jumping from job to job, moving several times and burning a lot of bridges before I found church and a steady job.

I turned 21 surrounded by friends from the church I was attending at the time. I was also looking forward to going to college in Nebraska. I turned 25 living at home. At that point in my life, I had finally lost my virginity (the previous summer), spending my weekends hanging out with people I met on the internet at bars in the Cities, and living with the knowledge that I had severely disappointed my parents when I was arrested sometime in the couple years after I moved back from Nebraska and that birthday.

Now I'm turning 30. In the past five years I'm on my 3rd and 4th jobs (since I have two right now), I've moved out my parent's house and lived with several roommates in the 9 months between leaving their house and moving into my first apartment alone. I met and married my best friend, and have an excellent relationship with his family. Tensions in my own family have improved. I am diabetic, which sucks, but I'm much more in a position to deal with it now than if it had sprung up in my earlier 20's.

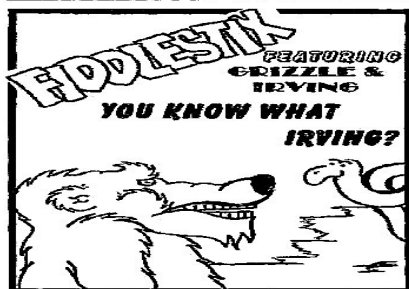
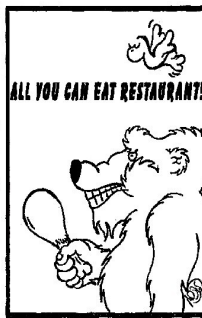
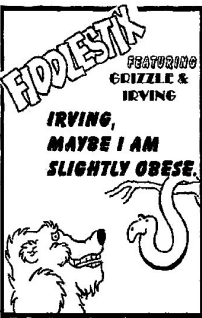
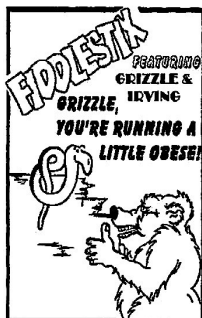
I'm also starting to come into my own voice. For a long time, and even now, I have a hard time standing up for myself. I'm getting better at that. I still make bad decisions at times, but who doesn't?

So, for my birthday, I'm going to spend the morning with my mom, the afternoon at the print shop, and the evening with my husband and friends having excellent Mexican food (free for me). Here's hoping that I'll count my blessings a little more and my faults a little less and remember that I've got it good with a great and loving husband and terrific friends.

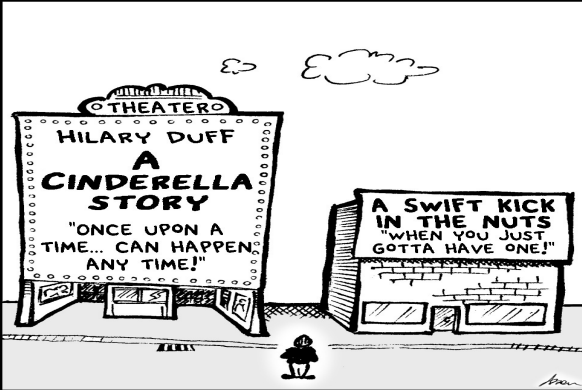
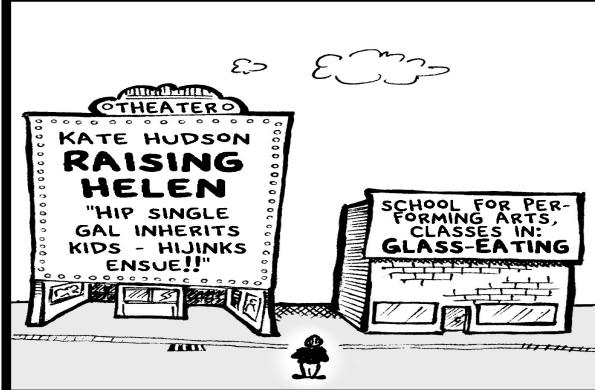
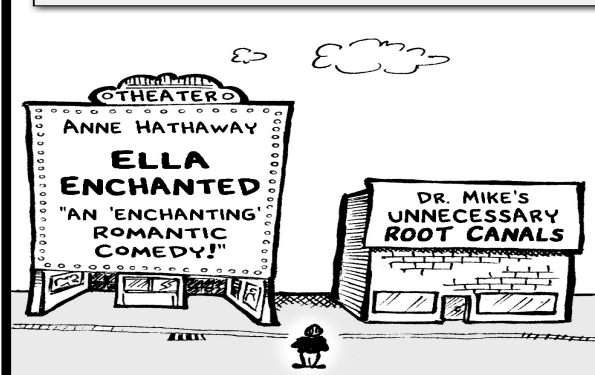
I SAW THIS COUPLE IN
A MAGAZINE. I FOUND
THEIR LOVE DISTURBING
YET CURIOUSLY INSPIRING.



By OneNeckHatesYou. Text says, "I saw this couple in a magazine. I found their love disturbing yet curiouslly inspiring."



FIGHTING WORDS presents:
**STUFF I'D RATHER DO
THAN WATCH THAT MOVIE**
(SUMMER BLOCKBUSTER EDITION)



Ask Dangerous Lee!

March 2006 column

Q: Why William Hung? --DJ Xango, California

A: We like to make fun of people and help them become millionaires. Hell, why Clay Aiken?

Q: What is your best pimple remedy and favorite brand of condom? --Brig Feltus, California

A: I don't have a pimple remedy. I have pretty decent skin, but I do use a facial cleanser, astringent, and moisturizer twice daily. Any non latex condom is my favorite!

Q: In all honesty what is more important looks or personality? I personally think people search more for looks when starting a relationship and figure they can fix a bad personality with the right nurturing (it's hard to fix looks). What do you think? --Syid, Michigan

A: Personality is most important although I don't want to look at a bulldog on a daily basis, and who says you can't fix looks?

Have you heard of plastic surgery and a makeover? Flavor Flav would be the best example of looks and personality not mattering at all. In his case fame and a small fortune help him out with the ladies.

Q: Why do women like men that treat them like trash or even beat them? --Clarence, Maryland

A: Women don't like men who treat them like trash or beat them. Unfortunately we live in a time where a lot of men treat women like trash. The problem is women are settling for no good men and women who are being abused physically are scared for their lives. Since you asked I assume you know someone in this situation. Help her!

Q: Who do you think would win a fight between Prince and Michael Jackson? I'm not talking about a couple of blows just to intimidate each other, because then I'd just say Prince. I'm talking about a knock down, you just killed my mother, one of us has to die kind of fight! I mean, have we ever SEEN Mike mad? I'm not sure the world is ready for a totally ballistic MJ. --The Son of October, Texas

A: I don't think the world has seen Prince or Michael Jackson truly upset and I'm sure many would beg to differ with you on us

not having seen a totally ballistic Michael Jackson! Seeing as how both Michael and Prince's bodies are worn out from dancing and high hell wearing I'm not sure either one of them are fit to fight. I'd like to say Michael would win because he has a lot of pent up rage, but Prince has a bigger gang and I'm sure it would be a dirty fight so I'll go with him!

Dangerous Lee Asks YOU!!!

Some of you may have already taken The Dangerous Lee Quiz online, but I have a new quiz just for my monthly readers. The first person to respond to all 5 questions correctly will get a Dangerous surprise! Go ahead, take a guess!

What is Dangerous Lee's biggest pet peeve?

A: People who stare

B: Loud children

C: Liars

D: People who kill the English language

In what field does Dangerous Lee hold a degree?

A: Medicine

B: Web Design

C: Interior Design

D: Journalism

What is the best movie Dangerous Lee saw in 2005, besides Star Wars - Episode 3?

A: Saw II

B: Brokeback Mountain

C: Crash

D: Walk The Line

What is the one thing that Dangerous Lee wishes she had the most right now?

A: Money

B: A husband

C: Wentworth Miller

D: A new car

What high school did Dangerous Lee attend?

A: Central

B: Northwestern

C: Southwestern

D: Powers Catholic High School

Send your guesses to

askdangerouslee@hotmail.com. I'll post the answers and the winner in April. Good luck!

April 2006 column

Q: I cannot believe the 2006 Oscars had Three Six Mafia performing "You Know It's Hard out Here for a Pimp." What does that

say about black people and black movies?

Of all the hip-hop artists out here that deserve accolades for their lyricism and creativity we have Three Six Mafia taking the Oscar home for best song from a motion picture. This is very disturbing to me, this song doesn't offer anything artistic for black people to look at and take anything from.

What about this show on BET (Black Entertainment Television), Countdown to Lockdown? A show that counts down Lil' Kim's time she has left before she loses her freedom. I know black people are unequally disproportioned in numbers when it comes to ethnicities being locked up, but do we really need a show to glorify and make a spectacle of this event? Doesn't this seem like it's becoming a norm in the black community that going to jail is expected at one point in your life, so should we put ourselves in a position that we can put a show on the air before we get sentenced or before we go to jail? I'm just getting so tired of the "buffoonery" that's on TV today. What do you think? --Lamont "Element" Wright, Flint

A: Because this has been a huge topic of discussion for many people nationwide, I am going to dedicate my entire column to this. Here's what I think:

I must admit when I first heard that the song "It's Hard out Here for a Pimp" would be performed at the Oscars, I was shocked! Shocked because I couldn't believe the academy was removing the stick from their asses and allowing it to happen, especially with all the censorship that has occurred after Janet's nipple was released for 1.5 seconds. You, me and Three Six Mafia were surprised that they won! Let's look at it this way: Hustle and Flow is considered to be one of the best movies of 2005. People loved it and people love Terrence Howard. Isn't this a good enough reason for the movie and the single to get awards and recognition?

The problem is that Hollywood disregards Black cinema so often that now that they're paying attention to something so raw in subject matter that we see it as a negative thing. Here's the deal, Hustle and Flow is art. Like it or not, all movies are art. What

does it say about Black people and Black movies? Nothing. It doesn't mean a whole lot in the grand scheme of things that Three Six Mafia won the Oscar for Best Song from a motion picture. Did you hear the other two songs it was up against? The competition was weak. What this win should do is open doors and create opportunities for the next artist and actor of color. I am hopeful that it does mean Hollywood will darken up a bit and start to see Black movies as just movies! If you think about it, the Oscars were a "minority" filled event this year with movies like *Brokeback Mountain* and *Crash* taking the lead. This is a good thing!

Black people are not one-dimensional, and this movie does not represent us all, so the fact that the movie is about a pimp should not be a problem. I haven't seen the movie, but from what I understand, it's about a pimp trying to better himself and get out of the game. That's positive.

Besides, I'm sure it is hard out there for pimps. Can you handle a harem of whores, dress sharp, and stay clear of the law? Remember when *The Color Purple* didn't do well at The Oscars back in the day? Some believe it was because the NAACP made a big deal out of the fact that Mister was beating Celie. The argument was that this was a negative portrayal of Black men. Yes, it was, but it happens, and not just in the Black community! Once everyone can stop making certain issues a "Black thing" we will be better off.

Should reality be omitted from movies where Black people are concerned because we don't want to keep negative stereotypes alive? I have a secret to tell you about stereotypes—they will never die, so get over that. People's minds will not be changed. If people think that only Black people like chicken and hot sauce with watermelon on the side, that's their problem. Instead of pulling up a plate and having a good meal, people want to remain ignorant. Let them be and keep moving! I personally couldn't care less what people think about me! It doesn't change who I am.

The *Color Purple* was about so much more than spousal abuse, but when a lot of noise is made about something that doesn't matter, it cheapens a beautiful thing! Three

Six Mafia won an Oscar. Good for them. Cool! Yes, the song isn't the greatest rhyme ever written, but we should not put so much weight on an Oscar and the fact that the song is about a pimp. So what! Remember Ice T is a pimp turned rapper turned actor. Truth is oftentimes better than fiction.

Buffoonery? I hate this word and it is appearing everywhere to describe what Black people do. Just because we make movies based in the hood does not mean it's buffoonery. That's reality. Some Black people do live in the hood, and there is hood life. If we care so much about which Black actors and movies win Oscars, what we have to do is continue to make quality movies that get the attention of the academy or show the academy and people in general that what they think about Black people is wrong. Judging from what I read in last month's issue of this paper people have a habit of equating "ghetto" with negativity.

This is something that we definitely need to work on. Referring to certain Black people as "the ghetto ones" is not acceptable. About Lil' Kim, leave her alone. Ol' girl wanted to document her life before she spends an unjust year in jail. What's wrong with that? It's called show business. At least it's on BET and not MTV even though the same people own both channels. Lil' Kim is making money while she is behind bars. Congratulate her on investing in her time out of the spotlight! Would it make you feel better if we had seen Martha Stewart's boring ass Countdown to Lockdown?

We're too hard on each other as a people. We're dammed if we do and dammed if we don't! Don't misunderstand me. I am not blind or ignorant to the fact that there are a lot of ignorant, self hating issues within the Black community, and racism is alive and well but we cannot and should not concentrate all our energy on trivial issues like Three Six Mafia winning an award and Lil' Kim counting down the days of her freedom.

Before I go, here are the answers to last month's Dangerous quiz questions: A. People who stare, B. Web Design, C. Crash, A. Money, B. Northwestern. Of the few people that had the balls to participate,

none of them got all questions correct, so the prize goes back in the vault until another time.

Spring is here! Get out and exercise that phat ass you gained over winter off. I know I will be!

Contributor Bios

Dangerous Lee is a syndicated columnist who writes "Ask Dangerous Lee". Dangerous Lee is a sassy and sexy single mom from Michigan with an opinion about everything and a way with words that shocks and entertains. Her column appears in Tint Magazine, The Uncommon Sense, Consciousness Magazine, MasterJay.com, Defunkt magazine and is gaining interest with other publications! Check Dangerous Lee out at <http://www.myspace.com/dangerouslee>. askdangerouslee@hotmail.com

Adrian S. Potter won the 2003 Langston Hughes Poetry Contest and the 2005 Saturday Writers Short Story Contest. He has been published in more than 60 different literary journals, magazines, and websites including *Talking Stick*, *Word is Bond*, *Colere*, *City Works*, *Reed*, *Loop*, *Into the Teeth of The Wind*, and *The Binnacle*, and will have work in upcoming editions of *Blue Earth Review* and *Poesia*. Adrian's first book, a poetic memoir called *My Own Brand of Blues*, is forthcoming through RockWay Press.

Misty O'Brien is a multi-disciplinary artist living in Central Minnesota with her husband of two years. Among her many interests lie painting, wirework, jewelry making, desktop publishing, polymer clay, and crocheting. She was the publisher of *Stamper 62*, *honeybunches* (with John O'Brien), both zines under the Brave Girl Studio header, as well as publishing several chapbooks of prose and poetry by such writers as Leslie Powell, Rick Silva, Trina Shealy Orton, and Catherynne M. Valente. Besides this zine, she currently publishes a mini zine called *Yeah, but still...*, works on her art, runs Brave Girl Studio, and works part time as a retail slave as well as Assistant Manager of both Rice Print Shop [www.riceprintshop.com] and VAS Littlecrow [www.vaslittlecrow.com]. You can find Misty's art journal at www.passiongroove.net.

John O'Brien is a writer living in Central Minnesota with his wife of two years. He has written several chapbooks of poetry in

his life, with *boys + girls* being the most recent. He often contributes poetry to his wife Misty's projects, and contributes a lot of moral and emotional support. When he's not slaving away in the food service industry, his interests include horror movies, vampires, music, reading (particularly history texts), and D&D. He recently completed his first painting (in the private collection of his parents).

Steve Green is a former newspaper reporter, and was a founding editor of *Critical Wave: the European Science Fiction and Fantasy Review* (1988-97). His prose and poetry has appeared in: *The Anthology of Fantasy and the Supernatural* (Tiger Books, 1994); *Critical Vision: Random Essays and Tracts Concerning Sex Religion Death* (Headpress, 1995); the magazines *SFX*, *Flesh & Blood* and *The Dark Side* (producing a monthly fanzine column for the last); *Dreamers on the Sea of Fate* (Sol, 1999) and *Ten Years of Terror* (FAB Press, 2001). He is the current vice-president of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (est. 1937) and administrator of both the Delta Film Award (presented annually at the Festival of Fantastic Films in Manchester) and the Nova Awards for excellence in British and Irish fanzines (presented annually at the science fiction convention Novacon).

Ben Smith is a former law student who has opted for the glamorous and exciting world of alternative political cartooning. In June of 2006, *Fighting Words* will be featured in *Attitude 3: The Subversive New Media Cartoonists*, Ted Rall's third collection of up-and-comers in the world of alt-cartooning. Readers can check out all kinds of *Fighting Words* goodies, including the blog, the archive, and a new cartoon every Monday, at www.fightingwordscomics.com!

Rick Silva currently teaches chemistry at a high school on Cape Cod, where he resides with his wife and two cats. He has been involved in small press publishing since his college days. As a co-founder of Pentagram Komix & Graphix, Rick published and edited *Kinships* magazine, a speculative fiction literary magazine that ran six issues under Rick's editorship. Along with his wife Gynn, Rick is a partner in Dandelion Studios, a small press comic book company. Rick co-writes the Dandelion Studios comic *Zephyr & Reginald: Minions for Hire*, and he will also be writing scripts for several new Dandelion Studios projects scheduled for release in 2006. He writes a regular comic book review column for the comic fan site Comicwidows.com, and

publishes his own zine, *Caravan*, on a somewhat irregular basis. Rick also writes and performs poetry.

Gynn Stella is originally from New Hampshire. She received her degree from Massachusetts College of Art with a major in filmmaking. She currently lives and works on Cape Cod with her husband, Rick Silva. Together they make up Dandelion Studios, a small press comic book company. Gynn does all of the artwork for their comic *Zephyr & Reginald: Minions for Hire*. Her artwork has appeared in *Space & Time* magazine, and she was recently selected to be published in the 2005 *24-Hour Comics Day anthology*. In addition to doing her artwork, Gynn is involved in animal rescue, and has adopted two cats with special needs.

Editor's note: You can contact both Rick and Gynn through their website: www.dandelionstudios.com.

Steven Stwalley does a daily-on-days-that-it-happens comic strip, *Soapy the Chicken*, which can be seen at www.soapythechicken.com. He is the founder of the International Cartoonist Conspiracy which you should check out if you're a cartoonist [www.cartoonistconspiracy.com].

Vanesa Littlecrow Wojtanowicz is a self-trained multidisciplinary artist and businesswoman. Originally from Puerto Rico, she is the owner of the Rice Print Shop in Rice, Minnesota, and author of *Polska, Sucka!* and the *Nine Lives of Catnose*. Currently she lives in a dome in the middle of a forest with her husband and two cats.

Loki W. Kaspari is a writer and comic artist whose goal is to leave his honest job to write and draw full time, just like most other writers and artists. His other works includes *Ace and Bog*, a comic strip about a pair of working-class assassins.

M.J. started creating cartoon characters in the late 1970's. The characters he created eventually evolved into the cartoon strip FIDDLESTIX. During the late 1970's throughout the 1980's M.J. began freelancing work in the graphic arts world creating logos, album covers, newsletter covers, and advertising graphics. FIDDLESTIX was first published in 1988 giving life to Grizzle & Irving, a bear, and his sidekick snake respectively. The two characters of FIDDLESTIX started out as one-shots which have evolved into a full 3 panel strip. The one-shots then gave an opportunity for another character PINHEAD to make his

debut. You can contact him through his website PC Studios: <http://thepcstudio.tripod.com>.

Leslie Powell has been known by several dozen names, and has written under most of them. Her works include the chapbooks *Life Along the 45th Parallel* and *elementropy* (both available through Brave Girl Studio), six issues of *Chrome Virgin*, an inaugural issue of *Interesting Times*, and reviews under her nom de plume Glossolalia Black for oddculture.com. She is currently working on an art book with artist David Aronson, and a comic book with Michael Furious, as well as an AS degree in Library Science. She doesn't stay still too well.

One Neck Hates You is Edinburgh based cartoonist and illustrator Iain Laurie. Iain has contributed drawings and illustrations to a number of small press titles and magazines around the world. He currently spends his free time watching "Miami Vice" re-runs and solving crimes with a supernatural element.

Stef Davis is an arts student at the Arts Institutes International of Minnesota. Her work is heavily influenced by Manga and Anime, yet she is able to make these styles her own by adding a heavy dose of psychedelia influences (think Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*) clashing with realistic urban palette.

Random Thoughts: If you have a random thought you'd like to see included, please email it to misty@bravegirlstudio.net.

Submission info: If you would like to contribute to future issues of *It Takes All Kinds*, please send your poems, short stories, comics, random thoughts, articles and musings to misty@bravegirlstudio.net with either "ITAK" or "it takes all kinds" as the subject line. Issues are quarterly, and submissions are taken on a continual basis. You will be contacted by email if your submission is accepted. All pictorial contributions must be either jpeg or gif. Payment is a finished copy of the issue in which your contribution appears.

Ordering info: ~~If you'd like additional copies of It Takes All Kinds, send \$3.00 concealed cash or 4 stamps to: ITAK c/o Misty O'Brien, 740 14th St So. #23, St. Cloud, MN 56301. Alternatively, you can send \$3.50 through PayPal to misty@bravegirlstudio.net.~~

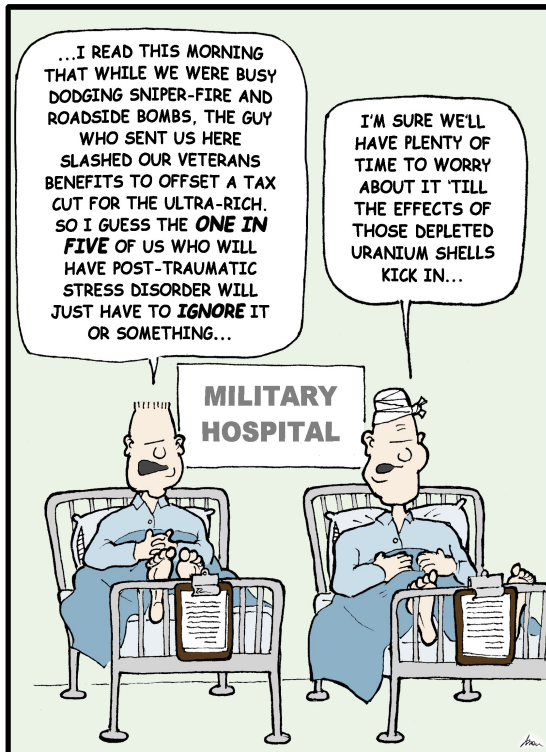
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FIGHTING WORDS

BY BEN SMITH



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FIGHTING WORDS

by Ben Smith



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